

## Amnesia?

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/53276443) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/53276443>.

### Rating:

Teen And Up Audiences

### Archive Warning:

No Archive Warnings Apply

### Category:

M/M

### Fandoms:

Dead Plate (RachelDrawsThis Video Game), Bishoujo Senshi Sailor Moon | Pretty Guardian Sailor Moon, Bishoujo Senshi Sailor Moon | Pretty Guardian Sailor Moon (Anime & Manga)

### Relationships:

Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau/Rody Lamoree, Rody Lamoree & Tomoe Hotaru

### Characters:

Rody Lamoree, Vincent "Vince" Charbonneau, Tomoe Hotaru

### Additional Tags:

Crossover, Crossovers & Fandom Fusions, Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Amnesia, One-Sided Relationship, One-Sided Attraction, Unrequited Love, Children, Lies, Unhappy Ending, Sad Ending, Names, POV First Person, POV Rody Lamoree, Wordcount: 500-1.000, Dead Plate Need More Crossovers, Not Beta Read, Bedrooms, Wedding Rings, Dialogue Heavy, author is autistic, France (Country), 1960s, Drugs

### Language:

English

### Stats:

Published: 2024-01-25 Words: 877 Chapters: 1/1

# Amnesia?

by [MiaQc](#)

## Summary

I open my eyes. My head hurts. A man, Vincent, says I'm suffering from amnesia, that we're married, but... why do I feel like something's wrong?

- A translation of [Amnésie?](#) by [MiaQc](#)

I open my eyes. My head hurts. I don't recognize where I am. A room but whose?

"Ah, my love, you're awake." Suddenly says a voice.

A man comes to see me. A man with black hair. His face tells me nothing.

"Hello? Did I hear... 'my love'?"

"Of course, you're my love."

He looks worried.

"Oh... it's your amnesia, isn't it? Lord, why!?"

"Amnesia?"

"Yes. When we first met, you told me about your memory problems. You often forgot things."

"Really?"

"Yes. You have pills and injections that were supposed to help, but... it's getting worse and worse. You don't remember me, do you?"

I try to remember. I should remember my lover! Yet my memories are foggy.

"I am sorry, I... Ahhh~, my head hurts."

"No, I'm the one who should apologize. I should take better care of you! I'm Vincent."

"Vin...cent... Vincent."

"And you are Rody."

"Rody... Rody... Rody..."

No matter how many times I repeat my name, nothing clicks. It's as if my head were empty.

"Are we... married?" I asked Vincent.

"Yes. See?"

He shows me the white-gold ring on his finger.

"It symbolizes the moon. You have the sun."

"The sun?"

Vincent takes my hand and brings it up to my face. I have a yellow-gold ring on my finger.

"Because you're my sun, Rody."

He smiles at me. I should feel good, happy and yet I have a bad feeling. Something's wrong with me. My head hurts so much. Uncontrollably, I close my eyes. I hear Vincent say something and I fall unconscious.

I open my eyes again. My head still hurts. I see a little girl with short black hair. Her eyes are a strange color. Purple.

"Who are you?"

The girl remains silent.

"Olivia!" Vincent's voice suddenly says. He sounds strangely angry.

The child, Olivia?, runs off then Vincent comes to see me.

"Hello again, my love."

His voice is calm, soft.

"Vincent. Who was that?"

"Our daughter, Olivia. We adopted her. Don't you remember?"

"Not at all. Why did she leave? I wanted to talk to her."

"She's shy." I feel like he's lying to me. Why? "Are you hungry? I can cook you anything you want."

"I don't know. I wish my head would stop hurting."

"I have some anti-migraine pills. I'll get you some."

Vincent leaves. Olivia comes to see me.

"Hello, Olivia. "

"That's not my name." She said quickly. "It's Hotaru. You're in danger."

"What?"

"Vincent is dangerous. If only he hadn't stolen my Cristal..."

With that, she runs off, as if afraid of something or someone. I'm sure of it. Something's wrong.

Vincent returns with a glass of water and the pills.

"Here, this will help."

I politely decline.

"But, Rody, you look so hurt. I don't like to see you in pain."

"Well, how about you answer my questions. It might help me remember... us."

Vincent smiles at me.

"In that case, ask all the questions you want."

"Okay. How did we meet?"

"You used to work for me. Nobody wanted to hire you because of your memory problems, but I offered you a job."

"That was nice of you. I was...?"

"Waiter at my bistro, La Gueule de Saturne."

"I must have been a terrible waiter! I must have forgotten all the orders."

"Not at all. La Gueule de Saturne only has one menu a day. You were doing fine."

"I see."

I find this strange. How could I work as a waiter if I can't even remember my name and my lover?

"And Ho... Olivia? Tell me about her. When did we adopt her?"

"It was last spring. I never wanted to have a child, but you wanted to be a father. I've always wanted to make you happy, to give you

everything you want, my Rody."

"Everything I want?"

"Everything."

'My Rody'. It sends a chill down my spine. I suddenly feel in danger. Yet I must understand what is happening. I must know the truth.

"Vincent. Tell me... why are you lying to me?" His face turns surprised. "Olivia. She told me her name is Hotaru, that you're dangerous." Then wrinkled. "She said something about a crystal you stole from her." And angry. "Vincent. You love me, don't you? Then tell me the tru..."

I'm interrupted as Vincent's hand clasps my neck. I want to push him away, but I'm too weak. Vincent forces the pills down my throat and then let go.

"Ah... ah... Vincent... why...?"

I fall unconscious again.

I open my eyes. My head hurts. I see a little girl. She reminds me of something, but I don't know what.

"We're doomed. You and me." She murmurs. "Me, to be his daughter. You, to be his lover. He'll always drug you, erase your memory, and I... without my Crystal, the Saturn Crystal, I am powerless. There's nothing I can do. If I try to run away, he'll kill me!"

"What? I don't understand."

"I always try to warn you, but every time, he makes you forget again. It's hopeless."

The little girl goes away while crying.

"Ah, my love, you're awake." Suddenly says a voice.

A man comes to see me. A man with black hair. His face tells me nothing. Nothing at all.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!